

Ridin' Out The Storm

[Rodney Crowell](#)

Ridin' Out The Storm Lyrics

The New York City winter comes in cold grey sheets of steel
The numbness in his hands and feet is all that he can feel
Alcohol and sterno turns a doorway to a bed And the ghost of who he might have been lives on inside his head
In a canyon made of brownstone on a sidewalk icy black
He wanders nearly barefoot with his righteousness in tact
A man of many mansions in a cardboard box replete He lies sleeping with an angel while his heart pretends to
beat
The wind blows down on Lonely Street like an ice pick through the air
Midst the Sunday times and coffee grinds and wino's in Times Square
Five flights up on Easy Street you know she's safe and warm Way down low neath a foot of snow he's riding out
the storm
I offered him my winter coat politely he refused
Like an educated man he spoke with words I seldom use
He said I don't need pity for these choices are my own He bowed his head just slightly and quietly moved along
Its not like he's a victim of the homeless life he stalks
Nor helpless to get back across the fine line that he walks
Riding out the storm means yesterday's already spent Tomorrow don't mean nothing it won't even make a dent

Songwriters

CROWELL, RODNEY Published by

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